

another day. (i guess what saves  
the world is cats coyotes & morons  
never become smarter than  
smaller creatures wielding wits.)

HIS ( 1974 )

apartment stood wide open & everything in it  
could have been ours for the taking  
he'd died about a day before & the landlord  
had just left the place as it was

he was a poor minister. he didn't own much,  
nothing more than a gray-yellow pile of  
taiwanese pajamas & slippers & cheap bathrobe  
that couldn't have been warm at all & a  
disorganized mess of books strewn throughout  
the place. he didn't have much in his kitchen  
either, a few onions, potatoes canned soup,  
stale bread but certainly no wine or any  
other liquor -- for that matter, he didn't  
have any medicines except for a bottle of  
aspirin & iodine.

my friend who was an irishman took a history book  
on ireland, his girl took one on trees & shrubs  
& i found a copy of h.g. wells's outline of  
history. i remember this whole thing because  
i came across the book the other day.

those were the days we thought we owned  
the whole world & that it was humbly & gratefully  
smiling down upon us as we did  
whatever we damn well pleased.

WARNING

a place with too-literal religion  
will also have too-literal pornography

HAD

a better understanding of dinosaurs  
when i happened to look at my own scrotum

the holiness of that  
strange flesh hints  
at different life-realms